How (Not) to Cop an Ounce

Characters:
Paranoid one -- **Kyle**
Experienced one -- **Scott**
Reasonable one -- **MJ**

Setting:
Three friends are sitting in Kyle's room. Kyle's pacing back and forth muttering about getting grounded, Scott's lying in a beanbag chair tossing a ball against the wall, MJ is sitting motionless on Kyle's bed, staring at a wall.

Kyle: Guys my mom's gonna be here any minute! She's gonna ground my ass and take away my Xbox!

Scott: Calm down, bro, you're being annoying. My mom catches me all the time, it doesn't even matter.

Kyle: But your mom isn't super strict like mine is!

MJ: Ok, now let's all be reasonable here. She's not gonna know what's going on. When's the last time she would've even smelled weed? Plus, we both know your mom and she likes us.

Scott: Yeah dude, Sheryl's a baddie, she wouldn't ground you. She'll probably just match.

Kyle: Dude don't say that about my mom, she's downstairs! She'll hear you!

MJ: No she isn't, Kyle, chill out. Plus, Sheryl's a nice lady. She wouldn't do anything drastic. You're just being paranoid.

Kyle: How would you even know where my mom is?!

Scott: Well when I left her bed earlier--

Kyle: Bro shut the fuck up!

(Scott and MJ start cracking up)

MJ: I think we can all agree that your mom is a beautiful woman (Scott nods profusely). Let's not get too worked up.

Kyle: Let's just stop talking about my mom and figure out what to do.

MJ: Yeah, more importantly, when are we copping? I gotta get home soon, my times running out.

Scott: Good point. And who are we copping from? And where? And how are we gonna get there?

MJ: Kyle, you have that all figured out right?

Kyle: What do you think? Of course I don't, it's my first time!

MJ: Dude what the fuck. We gave you one job.

Scott: Guys, don't worry, I got this. Kyle you choked but it's fine, I can handle it. We're getting an ounce, right?

Kyle: Are you sure that's gonna be enough for all of us?

Scott: If it was just me, it wouldn't even be close to enough. But since you're such a noob, I think we'll be fine.

MJ: Right. Scott can you text Gus?

Scott: Yeah I texted him earlier, but he hasn't answered yet. I hit up Marco and Nick too but it's been at least like 5 or 6 hours and no one's responded.

Kyle: Wait, who's Gus?

Scott: My dealer. My personal El Chapo.

MJ: Kyle, you don't know Ganja Gus?

Kyle: Do I look like I would know a "Ganja Gus"?

Scott: I don't know! All I know is that this is *your* house and this was *your* plan to handle and now we don't have weed or time. Way to go.

MJ: I knew this was gonna happen. You guys should've hit me up earlier when I had some. By the way, would your mom be down to match with us sometime?

Kyle: Can you just leave my mom out of this?!

Scott: Speaking of match, me and her both swiped right on Tinder the other day…

Kyle: Oh yeah, more like Grindr.

Scott: So… your mom's a gay dude?

MJ: Wow, there's more to Sheryl than I thought.

Scott: I'm hip; she's a gay dude, a pothead, and a loving mother!

Kyle: Guys shut up! I think she's really here, her car just pulled up into the driveway!

MJ: Calm down, it's not her, I know she gets off work at 4.

Kyle: So you're telling me a random person just pulled up into our driveway? It's her!!!

MJ: It could be Gus…

Kyle: That guy doesn't even know my address! You didn't give it to him, did you?!

(Scott doesn't say anything and turns his head to the ground)

Kyle: Did you?!

Scott: What else was I supposed to do? Give him *my* address? Hell no, that would be super unsafe. I don't want some drug dealer to know where I live.

Kyle: I can't believe this!!

MJ: Chill out, dudes. Think for a second; where else would we tell Gus to meet us?

Scott: Fine, whatever, I'll tell him to come to the park. MJ, how much time before you have to leave?

MJ: There's like ten minutes before I'm all burned out.

Kyle: Well this day went up in smoke…

Scott: And it's your fault! Bro I really hate you sometimes.

Kyle: I hate you all the time!

Scott: All the time?? Is that why you invited us over today? Just to fuck up the plan and tell me you hate me?

MJ: Guys, just cool out. We're here to have a good time. Can we just try and vibe to some tunes?

Scott: *Vibe* to some *tunes*? What are you, a hippie?

MJ: Hey man, don't fight *me* on this, I'm not the enemy.

Scott: Then who is?

Kyle: You are, you son of a bitch! (Jumps up and points threateningly at Scott)

MJ: Woah, woah, woah! Chillllll out…

(The doorbell rings. Everyone jumps up in surprise.)

Kyle: Oh my god! It's the cops! They know! They know that I know that you know that we all know that we're gonna smoke weed! Run, hide, everyone go!!! (Runs out of the room)

Scott: (shaking his head) Jesus Christ… This is why I don't smoke with people for their first time.

MJ: Who'd you smoke with for your first time?

Scott: Huh?

MJ: I said, who'd--

Scott: None of your damn business, that's who!!

MJ: Woah dude, chill out. I just asked a simple question…

Scott: No you didn't! That's like the hardest, most complex fuckin' question I've ever heard!

MJ: What are you even talking about? Are you burnt?

Scott: (Examining himself) I… don't think so..? Wait, am I? Holdup, do you remember if--

Kyle: (bursts back into the room) Okay!! False alarm, it wasn't the cops.

Scott: (in sarcastic, fake relief) oh thank god!! Whew, I was worried for a minute there.

MJ: Then who was it?

Kyle: Gus.

Scott: Ganja Gus??

Kyle: No, dipshit, ‘Good Grades Gus,’ who do you think?

MJ: (laughing) Okay, okay. So did you get the stuff?

Kyle: What stuff?

MJ: THE stuff…

Kyle: THE stuff?

Scott: The only goddamn stuff that you possibly could have gotten from Gus, what do you think?

Kyle: Ohhh, THAT stuff. Nah I didn't get any, I forgot.

MJ: WHAT?!

Scott: You absolute dumbass!! If you didn't cop, then what were you doing down there that whole time?? Having a tea party??

MJ: (chiming in) Green Tea Gus…

Kyle: Look, i got distracted, okay? Sorry, gosh, I didn't think it was such a big deal… plus, I didn't have the money anyway.

MJ: I guess that's true, we forgot to give you the cash.

Scott: Fine, you're right. I'll call him back and we'll be ready this time. (Steps out of the room)

MJ: Damn, Scott can be such a dick sometimes.

Kyle: I'm hip!! It's like he thinks he's in charge or something, just because he's more experienced.

MJ: Exactly. I don't even know if he IS more experienced. Earlier he said--

Kyle: (interrupting, still lost in thought) Whatever, we’ll show him. When he walks back in, we’re gonna have all the money ready to go, okay? That'll prove we aren't just some noobs.

MJ: Good idea, (reaching for his wallet) you got your money?

Kyle: (reaching for his wallet) Yeah, lemme just--wait, holdup, my wallet's empty…

MJ: So's mine!! What the hell?

Scott: (bursts back in) Okay, guys!! Gus said he doesn't feel like coming back a third time, so I had to call someone else. He's on the way. Y'all got the cash?

Kyle: Ummm… about that..

MJ: ...Neither of us have any money…

Scott: WHAT?! (Reaching for his wallet) You guys don't have--wait, my wallet's empty!! Where's my money??

(Pause)

MJ: ...Soooo, none of us have any money…

Scott: Great, this is just great. This whole day went soooo well. Thanks Kyle, thanks soooo--

Kyle: How is this possibly my fault?? Why do you always blame me for everything?

Scott: Because it's always your fault!!

Kyle: Ohh, so it's MY fault that YOU forgot YOUR money, suuure.

Scott: No, it's your fault that - that you - umm, that you--

Kyle: --that I what? What are you trying to say?

Scott: I don't know, man… Usually MJ would've interrupted by now to calm us down.

(both look at MJ)

Kyle: So… are you gonna say something?

(MJ stares ahead blankly, not saying a word)

Scott: (snapping his fingers in front of MJ's face) Bro! Hellooo? Anyone home?

MJ: My time has come.

Kyle: What the fuck are you talking about, dude?

MJ: My time has come. The hour is upon us.

Scott: Like your mom's here?

(MJ just stares blankly)

Kyle: Are you high or something?

MJ: (suddenly turns to face Kyle) Aren't we all??

Scott: I'm not. None of us are. We never copped, remember?

MJ: Or did we…

Kyle: Did we? I don't really remember anymore…

MJ: If we didn't cop, then what am I?

Scott: MJ… you are MJ… MJ, MJ, MJ, Mary Jane… Mary Jane....

Kyle: MARIJUANA!!!

Kyle and Scott: Holy shit!!!

MJ: I was never here… (shimmies away wagging his arms mysteriously)

(Scott and Kyle are in shock)

Scott: What the fuck just happened…

Kyle: I have no clue… but I think we already smoked…

Scott: Woah, dude.

Kyle: Woah is right… What a crazy first experience.

Scott: Hey kyle?

Kyle: Yeah?

Scott: I have a confession…

Kyle: Yeah...?

Scott: This… was my first time too…

Kyle: What?!

Scott: I was lying when I said I had experience… I'm a noob, just like you… I'm so sorry bro.

Kyle: It's okay man, I guess I kinda knew all along.

Scott: No you didn't!

Kyle: Yeah, good point. I didn't even know what year it was for most of this time.

Scott: I think it's like 2007 or something. Maybe earlier, I'm still pretty high.

Kyle: Same. Hey Scott?

Scott: Yeah, Kyle?

Kyle: Do you really think my mom's hot?

Scott: (long pause) Yeah dude, Sheryl's a MILF.